

MERCURY.

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The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or statement expressed in any article that appears in this Magazine.

Guarded by the Higher Self.

"Oh, I'm so glad that you came! We have such a pretty picture to show you, and you must explain it and tell us a nice story about it—will you, please?"—this last in a very pleading voice.

"Well, where is your lovely dream-picture?"

"Oh, how did you know it was a dream-picture?"

"I thought it must be because, you know, all things, good or bad, emanate from a dream—a thought, if you prefer. But come, hurry, and let me have a glimpse of your fairy picture—I am dying to see it."

Amidst merry laughter a large picture was brought forward and held up before my eyes, and indeed it was very beautiful! Probably most of you have seen it. If so, I wonder if it spoke volumes to you as it did to me! It represented a Salvation Army girl—and what a sweet, serene, brave, strong, gentle yet forceful face was hers!

Behind, and a little above her was another picture; the picture was the same, only this one was lighter and more ethereal; calm, peace and serenity stood printed on its face; the hands were held out over the noble young girl. And one felt that she was guarded by the Highest Power! Underneath the picture was printed the one significant word, "Guarded."

"What does it mean? Is it an angel that guards her? But that can't be, because the two faces look alike; do tell us, quick!"

"Yes, dear ones, she is guarded by the best angel in existence; namely, her Higher Self."

"The Higher Self? What's that, please?"

"Oh, I see you know nothing of our Theosophical terms. Well, let me explain briefly: The Higher Self is the God spark, the

God nature in each one of us. We are like the sunbeams; they emanate from the Sun, so do we from the Creator. The sunbeams are the likeness and image of the Sun so are we the likeness and image of God, the All-Good. By and through evolution we reach God-head, become one with the Father in Heaven. By and through controlling our passions—anger, envy, selfishness, low desires and appetites—we reach that spiritual perception of real and unreal, of right and wrong, that knows instantaneously which is which, without reasoning. The Higher Self is what the gentle, charming (in their simplicity) Quakers call ‘the still small voice’ (from the Bible.) Others call it ‘conscience,’ ‘intuition,’ ‘Guardian Angel,’ ‘The Voice of the Silence’; but it all means the same thing, because it is heard and felt by each one of us if only we will listen and *obey*.

“You have all heard or read about clairvoyants—how they can read, see and hear what others cannot—and perchance have wished you had such powers. Well, we are all clairvoyants to a certain extent; that is, provided we *listen* and pay attention to what that small voice—which is heard only by ourselves—tells us. For instance: Your parent or teacher or some one else of your superiors has told you not to do a certain act, but, being young and self-willed, in your very ignorance you think *you* are much wiser than all the older people put together. You say to yourself, ‘Pshaw, I won’t obey, but will just do it this time; none will be the wiser.’ But ere the words are uttered a gentle voice from far, far away or deep down below—it is so hard to tell from whence that sound comes—pleadingly says: ‘Do not! You will regret. Oh, be good, and true, and noble!’ Now, if you stopped to think you would follow that voice. None but *YOU* heard it—it was a warning to *YOU* only, and you know that in obeying it you would be contented and happy and make others so; but, on the other hand, if you pay no heed, but stubbornly rush into mischief, what is the result? Regret, humiliation, pain, and dissatisfaction. Young as you are, you know, nevertheless, that in sowing thistles you cannot expect choice roses. And words and actions and *THOUGHTS* are seeds that you and I sow daily, and we will be sure to reap the harvest. We cannot escape, no matter how much we would like to. So, let us guard our thoughts even more than we would our words or actions. You understand, if your thoughts are all pure, good and noble it will be simply impossible for you to speak unkindly or to act untruthfully.

"But let me tell you a story : Some children were out playing ; one of the little girls had a large, beautiful doll of which she was very fond and proud. A boy ran up to her, snatched the doll away from her, dropped it and put his feet on it. Smash—clash, and there lay poor beloved dolly, all crushed. The girl cried bitterly—the boy ran away ; but ah, his heart felt as if a dozen pins sat in it, pricking, pricking, pricking him all over. The little girl gathered up her poor, crushed dolly, went home so sad and broken-hearted ; but, reaching home, she heard that the naughty boy had broken his velocipede and she was 'so glad—oh, so glad'! (Was she really? or did she only imagine she was?) In due time she went to bed, still trying to assure herself that she was 'so glad' over the mishap to 'the naughty boy'; but how was it that she could not go to sleep ; but lay there tossing from one side then to the other? Her heart felt so queer, and most certainly something was wrong. Suddenly she thought of her dear teacher, who once had told her, 'Love your enemies!' Who was her enemy? Ah, now she had it : 'That naughty boy, who broke my dear, beautiful dolly. It was so very naughty of him ; but—maybe he did not mean to do it ; and—and—well, if he did, what of that? There were plenty of dolls ; her mamma maybe would buy her a new one, and if not, summer was coming on, and she could just as well play without a doll and have a nice time and all the 'fun' anyway. But that poor boy had broken his velocipede, and he was sure not to get another—what could she do for him? Ah, she had it ; she would give him hers in the morning ; Yes, they could use it by turns, that would be real nice.' Hardly had she reached this conclusion before her little heart felt so happy—as if it would burst with joy ; she felt as light as the birdies in the blue skies ; she felt she, too, could fly up there amongst the waving skies and sing and let people know how much nicer and better it was to love all instead of envying them or even giving any one an unkind thought. She went to sleep and dreamed beautiful dreams.

"Her Higher Self had conquered the lower—the personal egoistic self—and by rising above selfishness she had reached up to the Higher, truer self. Thus she, too, was 'Guarded' just like the girl in this picture.

"Any one whom we love and reverence we would not try to pull down to our level, would we? 'Oh, no.' Well, if we

admire—and who does not admire? goodness, purity and nobility of heart, then we, consciously or unconsciously, strive to be good, truthful, so that we, in our turn, may be able to help others, or, as George Elliot says:—

“‘May I reach
That purest heaven—to be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion even more intense,
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the World.’

“The Higher Self cannot be pulled down; the lower self (manas), therefore, must control its low tendencies and try to reach upwards, thereby in due time becoming one with it. Hence, it is very important that we be watchful over our every thought, word and act. It is in *listening* to and OBEYING the Voice of the Silence that we gradually become one with the Father in Heaven. How many of you will try to study up the subject, ‘The Higher Self’? How many will endeavor to control envy, hate, unkindness, selfishness, etc.; to pull them up by the roots, and plant in their places generosity, love, kindness, self-abnegation, purity of thoughts, words and actions?

“Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in her ‘Heaven by Littles,’ expresses just what I mean:—

“‘Heaven is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

“‘I count this thing to be grandly true!
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a *purser* air and a *broader* view.

“‘We rise by the things that are under our feet;
By what we have MASTERED of greed and gain;
By the PRIDE DISPOSED, and the PASSION SLAIN,
And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet.’”

“May the Higher Self always guard you! And now, good bye.”

L. T.

The fund of sensible discourse is limited; that of jest and badinage is infinite. Shenstone.

Jack and the Bean-stalk.

In this story, which has been the delight of the children of the Aryan race for countless ages, we have one of the most profound studies of occult mysteries ever evolved by the adepts of the ancient world. Our plain and simple name Jack, which is generally used as a nick-name for John, is closely related to the French name Jacques or James, the Greek Iacchos or Bacchus, and the Hebrew Jacob. The Greek Heracles and the Roman Hercules are also similar. Though the names do not show a close resemblance, their esoteric meaning is the same. The Egyptian name for the sphynx, Hor-ma-akku, was another form of the same, and means Horus—"on the horizon," that is the sun as he rests on the horizon after rising and before setting.

If you have ever seen the sun set over the sea you may have noticed a very curious phenomenon. It slowly sinks until close to the horizon and then appears to stand still about five minutes, then to suddenly plunge into the sea without any warning. This is caused by the refraction of the rays of light as they pass through the lower strata of the earth's atmosphere, and is probably the real meaning of the story of Joshua commanding the sun and moon to stand still.

Several years ago, as I was at sea off the coast of Australia, the sun was sinking in the west, when the full moon suddenly rose in the east, and for a few minutes they both rested near the horizon, appearing to look at each other, in surprise. It was a most beautiful sight, and I shall not easily forget it.

It will doubtless add to your interest in our old and familiar friend Jack to know that he is identical with the Egyptian sphynx and so many other illustrious heroes of mythology and romance.

Jack's mother was very poor, having been robbed of her wealth by a very cruel giant who lived up above the clouds, when Jack was a baby. She fled from the giant with Jack in her arms.

But though poor she had one cow left, the meaning of which is the same as the seven cows of Athor or Isis, the Egyptian goddess; that is, Karma, which is literally cow-ma or cow-mother. Jack's mother is the same as Ceres, the mother goddess of Greece, who presided over agriculture and farming, also Durga, the Hindu goddess who had ten arms, and Dame Durden of the old English song which probably you know:—

"Dame Durden had five serving men to use the spade and flail,
She also kept five serving maids to carry the milking pail," etc.

The five serving men are Durga's five right arms—the active, creative forces of nature; the five serving maids are her five left arms, the passive principles of the world of astral substance, on which the active, creative forces work; they are allied to the five organs of sense—hearing, feeling, seeing, smelling and tasting—all of which are modified by the law of Karma.

Now Jack's mother was so poor, she was compelled to sell her cow; so she sent Jack early one morning to take it to the market, and on his way Jack met a farmer who had on a very strange hat, full of beans of very wonderful colors. He is our old friend Blue-beard or Odin, the planet Saturn, who wears a broad-brimmed hat, the brim or rings round it being composed of small bodies of various substances like beans but no doubt much larger. Now, the bean is a very wonderful plant, which, when distilled, gives a strong intoxicating spirit. The locust bean, for instance, is taken in large quantities from Cyprus to Scotland for the manufacture of whiskey, and is used by chemists for various purposes in medicine. The ancient priests knew of a bean which produced a spirit, the inhaling of the fumes of which caused the inner sense of psychic perception to be increased to an enormous extent, and in this we see the true meaning of the strange world which was opened to Jack when his bean-stalk grew up.

Now Jack was very anxious to possess this wonderful hat, so he sold his cow for it and brought it home to his mother who was so angry that she threw the beans out of the window into the garden, and the next morning they had sprouted up into a tall bean-stalk, all twisted together in a very wonderful manner and so tall that the top was lost in the clouds above.

This bean-stalk is the tree of life which you will find sculptured on the Assyrian and Mexican monuments and on the Runic crosses of Britain. It is also the lotus of the Hindus and Egyptians, the olive of the Greeks, the sycamore of Lower Egypt and the gourd which grew up over Jonah in a single night and withered in the heat of the sun in the morning—that is to say, the psychic perception which is very strong in the darkness of night, disappears or fades in the morning.

Jack was as much pleased with his bean-stalk as Jonah was with his gourd, so he must needs climb up to the top; and after going above the clouds he came to a very strange country, where

he was met by a beautiful fairy who showed him a large and wonderful castle where the giant lived, and told him to go to it.

This fairy is the same as the fairy god-mother of Cinderella, or Mando-Ra, who is only another form of the sphynx with his box of fire on his head; for above the head of each one of us floats an essence of pure spirit, into which we climb every night when the body sleeps, and then we revel in the wondrous beauties of the Universe, but few of us remember anything of it when we wake in the morning. The fairy is yourself, that is the spirit, or Ego, who is your Divine Self, or Over Soul, but so radiant and beautiful that you would not recognize yourself in her.

When Jack arrived at the castle the giant's wife gave him some food, and when her husband came home she hid him in a box. Here we have Jack in the box, who is identical with the Egyptian Hor-pa-crat, that is, Horus in the crate, box or ark which forms such an important feature in the ceremonies of so many forms of religion. He is another form of Hor-ma-akku, but means that he is concealed, and hence mysterious. From Hor-pa-crat the Greeks copied their young god Harpocrates; hence, we get our word hypocrite; that is, something which differs from what it pretends to be. The ceremony of laying the god in his box was a very solemn one among the Egyptians, and the Christians copied it in theirs of laying the figure of Christ in his tomb on Good Friday. This was a part of the great mystery, or Religious plays, which have been acted through untold ages, and in time the people came to believe that they represented the sufferings of a man who really lived, and who was the Son of God. But the *real* Son of God is yourself, when you can realize it. You must work out your own salvation. True manliness and womanliness is not possible as long as you lean on another, and this is the great lesson you have to learn. Many people imagine that great Initiates are of a different nature to ordinary persons. This is a great and very sad mistake; they are just ordinary men and women who have learned through repeated lives on this earth to bear the burden of life without complaining. You may profit by their teaching, but it will never be rightfully your own, until you have learned it by working for others.

When the giant had finished his supper, he called for his favorite hen who laid golden eggs. Now we discover who this giant is. These eggs are Easter eggs and typify the resurrection of

the soul to an immortal life. The three visits Jack made to the giant's castle, are the three nights during which the Son of God lay in his tomb. And the day which follows each successive night is a higher plane of existence, the total number being four, including the day before the first night. They are the Four Levels which you probably remember reading in last month's MERCURY. The giant is Goliath, which is derived from "gea," the earth, and "leto" or "lethe," sleep; that is the spell which this earth casts over mortals, and makes them sleep and forget their lives in the Spirit world as the Sleeping Beauty did. So, when Jack first got out of the box, he seized the hen and her eggs of gold; that is, he became immortal and had the power of existing apart from his material body.

On his second visit to the castle the giant called for his bags of gold. Now, gold is the symbol of wisdom, and the second time Jack got out of his box he seized these bags; but the giant's dog barked, so Jack threw him a bone. This is the three-headed dog, Cerberus, which kept watch at the entrance to Aides; his three heads indicate that he looks three ways, and knows the past, present and future, and all who have acquired true wisdom have this power; they remember their previous lives on earth, and by analogy are able to foresee future events, for the law of Karma provides, that the successive lives of an Ego are, in their main features, similar. The sleeping giant is Memory, who must not be awakened until the next level is reached, so Jack must throw his dog the bone, which, like the bones in the sepulchre, is a symbol of sleep and forgetfulness.

On the third visit of Jack, the giant called for his harp. Here we have the symbol of the full harmonious power of an Initiate; that is, of singing the beauties of creative energy, for the power of creation is the harmonious blending of the principles of Nature's laws. It is the harp of David, the music of which celebrated his victory over Goliath; it is the lyre of Apollo, which, when played, caused the world to spring into existence; it is the kiss of the fairy prince, which caused the Sleeping Beauty to wake, as Nature blooms, when at Easter the sun arises in the power of his creative will, and Spring commences.

The harp sang and woke the giant, who pursued Jack to the bean-stalk; but when the giant was half way down Jack cut down the stalk, the giant fell and was killed. So, when we rise to the

fourth plane—that of Spirit—the power of the world is destroyed, and, freed from the evil Karma which is inherent in the world, we are able to live apart from its ways. But do not expect when you have achieved this, to cease living on earth. You will come again and again, for the law of Karma is also the law of Love, which will bring you back to assist others in their task of working out their salvation.

—E. Webster.

Editorial.

The May number of MERCURY having been unavoidably delayed, a double number for May and June appears this month. This double number closes the first year of our Children's Magazine. During this first year MERCURY has won a glad welcome in many households, and it counts its friends not only among the young folks, but among "grown ups" as well.

The problem, "How can Theosophy be presented to children?" has been solved—partially, at least—and several newly formed Lotus Circles have resulted from the simple lessons and stories given in the pages of the MERCURY.

Letters of warm approval from East and West spur us to continued effort, while some good names will swell the list of those who already try to bring Theosophy within the horizon of youth. Besides lessons, exercises and games for Lotus Circles, the next volume of MERCURY will contain "Stories of the World's Great Religions and Their Teachers." Old myths will now and again give a glimpse of their hidden meaning.

Special efforts will also be made to encourage our young friends to give their own ideas.

Such are some of MERCURY's plans; but in order to carry them out help of a substantial nature is necessary. A magazine, like unto our young folks, must needs grow some, ere it can earn its own living. While growing, it must, perforce, be sustained by the loving care of its friends.

We ask each one, then, who values MERCURY to do his or her best to get subscribers. In this way MERCURY will pass happily through its infancy, and will be able to realize some of its dreams for the teaching of the art of Living, or Soul-Building. This art is true education.

Summer vacation interferes somewhat with our plans; hence the first number of the 2d volume will not appear until August, 1895.

Silver Gleanings.

The night was dark about me, but my hearing was acute and through the darkness there came to my ear sounds of woe, sounds of weeping and distress. My heart was stirred within me as I listened, and I prayed: "O Father, Thy Light is ever with the children of men—let thy presence touch their hearts. Where is the Comforter that these cries are wretched and suffering and sorrowful? Reveal thy countenance to them; open the door of thy temple within their hearts, and speak peace to them, I pray thee."

Instantly a great Light shone all around me, and an angel white as snow, and shining as the sheen of a golden sphere, stood before me. I bowed my head in awe before His glorious and august presence. His voice, like the music of a million dew-bells, spoke: "Dip thy pen in silver and then write—and thy words shall bear with them the message for which thou prayest."

He ceased speaking and was gone, and I was again alone in the darkness, but the sounds of woe had ceased, and the resonance of the voice of the angel filled all the space about me. I rejoiced in the music, but forgot that for which I had prayed. I moved on and heard no sounds but joyful ones; birds sang in an ecstasy of bliss; every leaf seemed the part of an anthem; flowers brought me a carol of such sweetness that I exclaimed serenely, "God is good and everywhere"; and the happy tears sprang from my heart to my eyes. Then I remembered the message, "Dip thy pen in silver," and I wondered where? and how? for to hear the command was to wish to obey it.

"Thou must gather the silver, drop by drop, from thine own heart as suffering wrings it from thee. Art thou willing to go forward?" And I answered, "I am willing."

How little I guessed the purpose of my promise!

I was carried away from all that I had known, and, in an avalanche of fear and grief, moved down, down, to what seemed an interminable depth. I lost all consciousness of everything but my own struggle for safety. I forgot the voice and the message of the Angel. Every kind and quality of human wretchedness was mine. I was the criminal in his cell, waiting for the hour that

in death should expiate his crime; I was the outcast, scorned of my kind and dragging life as a chain of bondage leading me to that which my soul loathed. I was the wife, a victim to man's brutality; the mother whose child was a shame and disgrace; the maiden despoiled of her maidenliness; the lover jilted and despised; the mendicant asking charity that is refused. The avalanche of woe settled upon me like a mountain weight, and my soul cried out within me. Not a ray of light penetrated my gloom till I again heard the Voice saying: "Thy suffering is complete—gather the drops." Then I found courage to speak to the Angel, and I found that he had never left me even while the mountain seemed resting upon me—and I was wandering in the darkest by-ways of life's experience. I bowed my head to the earth as this consciousness glowed within me, and I took my pen and wrote, and these are the words:

Thou who lovest thyself so much that thou seekest paths of peace for thyself, though thy brother beside thee hungers, and thy sister pines and dies for the sweetness which thou deniest to her, stop a moment and build an altar. Let it be made of thine own self, and bring to it for sacrifice, first, thy love. "All of it?" Yea, all of it, for it is made of clay. Thou lovest thine own, that thine own may enlarge thee and thy house. Thou lovest gain, that it may enlarge thy pleasure. Thou lovest life, that it may be preserved to thee, and thou shouldst love it as the Eternal Fame of Eternal God. Thou lovest thy wife and thy child, that they may serve and honor thee. Dost thou deny it? Sink the plummet into thy heart and build the altar higher; imagine that thy wife refuse to grant thy wishes and that thy child dishonors thee. Dost thou still love them the same? Thou knowest that thou dost not. Thy love is a flimsy veil hiding thy self-love from thee. Place it upon the altar, and the love which descendeth from heaven will consume it to the dregs, leaving thee but the ashes of dead hopes for thy delight, if thou wilt to have ashes. But if thou wilt to mount in the flame that destroys thy earthly love, then shalt thou ascend in the purifying fire of renunciation, and shall again find thy wife and child in the pure alembic of thy glorified self! "Thou dost not understand?" I will speak plainer:

The love that waits to bless thee is at the shrine of devotion and not on the altar of self. Its flame glows in the heart of thy

divine nature with as steady a glow as in the ruddy blood of thy human heart. It burns but to bless and to build. It asks for no tax and no tithe. It holds within itself the sum of all loving. It knows no friend, no husband, no lover, no wife, no child; but, it knows itself—who is both the Lover and the Beloved! Art thou now willing to turn from thy earthly love? If thou art thou shalt no longer be a seeker of love's tithes, but a giver of love's blessings! The fire shall still burn on the altar of thy life; thou shalt have all thy love, but not its earthliness. The arms of an Eternal Compassion shall hold thee. Never canst thou forget thy brother or thy sister whose cup is of wormwood and bitter. Thy brooding heart of tenderness must seek to lift all sorrow, to wipe away all tears, and thy presence shall move among men as a benediction. "Thou hast made thy choice?" The path is before thee. Accomplish thy duty.

—*L. B.*

A Butterfly Story.

The gladsome days of summer are with us. Our Lotus children are making the most of their vacation—some by the sea, some among the wooded hills, some who cannot leave the city enjoy the sunshine in the beautiful parks. But all live more or less with the flowers, the birds and the butterflies.

How we all love these dainty, fluttering gems of Nature—the butterflies. A butterfly has such a queer history. Once it was an ugly, creeping caterpillar; the next, a shapeless black mass, hanging like a dried, dirty leaf to some twig; then it changes into a radiant-winged creature, gorgeous in gold, purple, silver, blue—a winged sunbeam living on dew and honey.

Wonderful, is it not? Still more wonderful is the legend of the Butterfly—the legend of *Psyché*. Once, when the world was young and dainty (not so dense and stupid as it is to-day), it cherished a beautiful maiden named *Psychè*. This maiden was like a sweet, gentle strain of melody that spoke lovingly to every heart. People worshipped her. Yes, and a god—the god of eternal youth, with bow of strength and arrows of desire—the god *Eros*—loved her. But he dared not show himself to her eyes in full daylight lest his splendor should burn her to ashes, for the gods in their might are dread beings upon whom few may look and live. For this reason *Eros* wooed *Psychè* in the darkness.

In the night-gloom they were wed; and so much joy came with the god that Psychè was content and happy.

But after a time, suspicion, fear, curiosity troubled Psychè's thoughts. She had sisters who were evil-minded, and they whispered cruel, ugly things about this husband who came in the darkness when no one could see him. In her inmost heart, Psychè knew these suspicions were foolish, for she felt that Eros was good and beautiful; but feeling is not seeing. She really must *see*. One night while Eros slept she lighted a lamp to look at him. Ah! she trembled, awe-struck by his divine beauty, although the glimmer of the lamp only gave her a faint glimpse of its perfections. The lamp slipped from her hand; a drop of oil fell on the shoulder of Eros. He awoke, sighed, cast a never-to-be-forgotten glance of sad reproach upon Psychè, then vanished. He returned to his heaven-home and Psychè awaited him in vain. He never returned. Then Psychè was stricken with woe. Her eye lost its brightness; her form, its grace. She was no longer soft melody; she was out of tune. Day by day she became more discordant. People no longer worshiped her. She became a slave. Those who once knelt before her now took delight in tormenting her; they scoffed at her sufferings. She longed for death, but she could not die. Then she resolved to find Eros—to seek for him in every realm until he was found. Aye, but it was a weary search. Ofttimes she despaired. She grew old, decrepit, feeble; but she kept a picture of her lost love in her heart, and ever, when faint with disappointment, with toil, she turned to that picture and took fresh hope. At length, starved, beaten, despised, poisoned by cruel enemies, she fell prone on the earth to die. Then her heart cried out, "Eros, my beloved, come to me or I die!" Her cry echoed through heaven. Eros heard and answered, "Love, I come!"

A flood of golden light swept down from the Sun and enfolded Psychè. She opened her eyes, and lo! Eros, radiant in glory, bent over her. He raised her in his arms and joyful youth once again thrilled her being. He kissed her and beauty returned with that kiss. Psychè, more beautiful than ever, looked fondly into the eyes of her beloved Eros.

"Come, my beloved Psychè, come, never more shall we be separated. Let us to my home."

Then Psychè smiled and answered, "Beloved, the world is very

sad since it has forgotten me. Even the children weep. Can we not gladden them ere we go?"

Eros could not refuse Psychè, because she had suffered so much. "We will try," he answered.

Then Eros and Psychè, united in happiness, traveled over the earth. But the people were too busy digging, fighting, playing, to note the blest vision; although sometimes one would say to another, "What exquisite music! Didn't you hear it?"; or, "Did you see that light?" At last the happy two found some young people sitting quietly in a garden, listening to a wise teacher. These students were watching for Eros and Psychè, hence they saw them. How glad they were, for the god told them many things, and Psychè made clear all that was difficult.

"Stay, blest ones, stay!" cried the young people.

"Nay," said Psychè, "that cannot be, but I will give the world a living creature that will forever tell it my story."

She touched a white-ringed worm that lay on a leaf close by. It shriveled into a shapeless mass. One more touch of Psychè's fingers and the dried, shapeless thing became a winged beauty—a white and gold butterfly.

"Behold my emblem," said Psychè. "Forever the butterfly shall tell mankind of me—Psychè, the human soul. Let it be a lesson and a hope."

Then Eros and Psychè soared into the blue air and were soon lost to sight, while in the garden bright-winged butterflies flitted from flower to flower, telling each one the story of Psychè.

—*Marie A. Walsh.*

Meetings and Classes.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The Children's Hour, or Lotus Circle, meets every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, at Mystic Hall, Union Square Hall Building, 421 Post Street. All children are invited.

Golden Gate Lodge of The Theosophical Society meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M., in Mystic Hall, Union Square Hall Building, 421 Post Street. Strangers and inquirers earnestly invited.

The Children's Corner.

[This column will be devoted to questions and answers from children on Theosophical Subjects, which answers will be published with the initials of the sender.]

UNSELFISHNESS.

Selfishness consists in following our own pleasure or interest, without regard to the welfare of others. The selfish man cares for himself first, and thinks only of others in so far as they may be useful to him.

The unselfish man is thoughtful for others. In his speech and behaviour he carefully avoids what he thinks will give them pain. He watches an opportunity of doing good, and would cheerfully sacrifice his own comfort and convenience in order to render them a service.

If we are neglectful of little opportunities to render services and be ready to help others, it is not likely we are worthy of great ones.

True goodness and unselfishness, like charity, always begins at home. We are told to love our neighbors as ourselves. "Who is our neighbor?" Our neighbor is the man, woman, boy or girl, whom we meet on the common road of life. Our neighbors are our school-mates and the friends and relatives with whom we are brought into frequent intercourse. If we have an opportunity of saying a kind word, or doing a good action to any one of these, we ought to do so, for in the right use of such ordinary opportunities consists true unselfishness. The true hero is the man who, against all temptation to be selfish, unkind and mean in his every day life, is never weary of well doing.

The patient adherence to duty in its common details is more heroic than the display of our generosity. We may not become famous in so doing, but that matters not so long as we have done our duty.

A monument of brass or marble does not (as a reward) make a good deed one bit better.

— "White Rose."

[From the Avenue Road Lotus Circle, London, England.]

The following questions have been received from children of the different Lotus Circles:

Q. No. 50. Why is the Bible of Egypt called the Book of the Dead?

R. B.

Q. No. 51. In applying the law of Karma to a case of murder committed by two men, will the two alternate in killing each other in their various reincarnations?

Q. No. 52. Can you give a simple illustration of how Karma acts on the physical plane?

Q. No. 53. When we are all through with Reincarnation, and have learned all there is to learn on this plane, then what are we going to do?

Q. No. 54. Why is the serpent used as a symbol of wisdom by Theosophy, when nearly everyone else uses it as a symbol of treachery?

Q. No. 55. How do you explain the fact that so often, when one is speaking or thinking of a person, that the very person comes in or you meet him?

Q. No. 56. In our next incarnation will our mother or father be Theosophists?

"Violet," a boy of 10.

Avenue Road Lotus Circle, London, England.

Puzzle Department.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

No. 27. Maize [maze], roots, stalks, ear, cob, kernels [colonels], silk, blades, smut, tassel, hill, row, field.

No. 28. Plan, plank.

No. 29. Charles Napier.

No. 30. Coat.

What is addressed to us for contemplation does not threaten us, but makes us intellectual beings.

—Emmerson.

The spiritual mind which by study hath forsaken the fruit of works, and which by wisdom hath cut asunder the bond of doubt, cannot be brought back to mortal birth by reason of any human action.

—Bhagavad Gita.

Notice.

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